

i'm cleaning those fucking skeletons out of the closet today

by Hayasaka.Shion

Category: Hamatora/ãf•ãfžãf^ãf©

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Moral, Murasaki, Nice

Pairings: Murasaki/Nice

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-07-13 19:43:21

Updated: 2014-07-13 19:43:21

Packaged: 2016-04-27 05:09:51

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,268

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "You know what, fuck you. I've said what I came here to, and if you try to lay a finger on either Murasaki or me, I swear," Nice's hand pulled at Moral's shirt, aptly describing what would be in store for him, "I will shove responsibility so far up your ass you will taste those despicable tax bills for weeks, understand?"

i'm cleaning those fucking skeletons out of the closet today

Summary: **"You know what, fuck you. I've said what I came here to, and if you try to lay a finger on either Murasaki or me, I swear," Nice's hand pulled at Moral's shirt, aptly describing what would be in store for him, "I will shove responsibility so far up your ass you will taste those despicable tax bills for weeks, understand?"**

* * *

><p>AN: This is something of a mental AU, you know, so I better explain some points before you read this thing.

1. Moral, Nice and Murasaki (and the rest of Hamatora, but you don't need to know that) were all in a mental asylum. Murasaki was in a different division so him and Nice met much later. Before Nice met him:

2. Moral and Nice were sleeping together, though not in a relationship. It was by Moral's initiative, and Nice just went with the flow.

3. Nice has gotten released a few weeks after Murasaki, and they leave together to start a new life together.

4. Moral gets released a year later, and a few months after that

becomes the head of the facility itself (not so impossible for Moral, ya know)

5. Eventually Murasaki asks Nice to go out with him and Nice feels like he needs to get Moral out of his system before he can commit, and so this story is born.

* * *

><p>"Where's your evidence, Nice-kun? You're simply making assumptions, very dramatic assumptions at that. You can't expect me to believe it just on your word."<p>

Nice's face was stoic; he wasn't panicking and watching him made a tiny glimmer of pride shine in Murasaki's heart. After all it was the result of what they had slaved over for weeks.

An insane glimmer continued to shine in Moral's eyes, something otherworldly that Murasaki had a very bad gut feeling about.

"Moral... what we had wasn't anything special. You were looking for someone you could idealize, I was looking for someone to take away my loneliness. What we had... was just something physical. It was just a convenient arrangement, and I need you to understand that."

Moral's face was positively ghastly now; his pale skin looked like paper in the expensive lighting and his eyes had that familiar light Murasaki knew all too well- from the mental hospital. The man's lips were moving, in what Murasaki mistook for teeth chattering.

"That's not true, Nice-kun. We were special. We are special. We're the only people who can love each other. Isn't that so?"

For a moment there was dead silence in the room, with no sound except for Moral's heavy breathing as he heaved, as if breathing itself was a struggle.

Nice shook his head. "No. That's what you want to think. It's not the truth. Please understand. I want you to be happy as well, Moral. But I don't want to be with you."

"My happiness lies only with you, and you know that! You can't get away, Nice-kun, you'll always come back here, come back to me. I'll never let you go!"

Beads of sweat broke out on Nice's forehead. Even after all these years, although Moral's hold on him had considerably weakened, Nice couldn't say he was completely free of it - no, not until he finished this confrontation and laid the past to rest. Then he could move on, really move on to a better life with Murasaki. It wasn't fair, definitely not fair to Murasaki if he committed to a relationship while still being bound to the skeletons in his closet.

"Enough with the arrogance! Who do you think you are, you asshole? I can love anyone I choose to, and I've chosen someone who's amazing, and beautiful, and who's okay with loving me even after you fucked me up!" Nice forcibly lowered his voice, a calm, transient expression coming up on his face as he continued, "I didn't come here to ask your permission, no matter what you think. I came here to tell you

that I'm moving on. It may be hard to hear, or hard to believe, but this is goodbye."

It took Murasaki a moment to digest; but he managed to catch the red sticky fluid that dripped through the gaps of Moral's knuckles, evidently from clenching his hands far too hard.

"You can't, Nice-kun. You're just confused. You love me, I know it. It's all his fault you're muddled up like this. That damn glasses asshole is manipulating-"

Before the white haired man could complete the sentence Nice's fist was smack in his face, the impact giving him a split lip. As he tasted blood in his mouth, Moral knelt, blood dripping down to the carpet below.

"Listen up, asswipe. I can here with the intention of playing nice but if you're gonna insult my other half then you can fuck off, understood?" Nice's eyes held a cold steel glare that chilled Murasaki even from where he stood. "Don't get it in your head that I'm doing this because of Murasaki. I'm doing this by my own will, do you understand?"

Moral gasped, the back of his shirt pressing uncomfortably against his neck as Nice pulled him off the floor by his collar. Broken words spilled from his lips. "It's all his fault-"

Another loud crunch resounded through the room, this time the target being Moral's left cheek, and Murasaki felt duty-bound to prevent even that sick individual from death by Nice's hands.

"You know what, fuck you. I've said what I came here to, and if you try to lay a finger on either Murasaki or me, I swear," Nice's hand pulled at Moral's shirt, aptly describing what would be in store for him, "I will shove responsibility so far up your ass you will taste those despicable tax bills for weeks, understand?"

The Cannonball Minimum holder dropped the older man in a broken mess on the sofa, while he headed toward the door, calling out, "Come on, Murasaki, we're moving."

He knew?

"What the hell, how did you notice me?" Murasaki frowned as he caught up with Nice, waiting only until they got into the car until he trapped the younger man in a deadlock.

"You okay?"

Nice averted his eyes, a rare blush surfacing on his face, "...Yeah. It felt good, and now I'm finally free."

Murasaki smiled. "I'm happy for you."

"And now that I'm free," Nice rather loudly continued, "it means that I'm probably going to say yes to any tall, white-haired nerds who ask me out,"

"Oh, yeah?" Murasaki played along with the joke. No harm in making Nice hold out for a bit longer, right? "I wonder where such a

specimen can be found?"

"Right here, you idiot," Nice grumbled as he pulled Murasaki into a light kiss. "Will you be my boyfriend?"

"I don't see anything objectionable in that," Murasaki responded, lips curved into a smile at the unusually bashful Nice in front of him.

"So we're a real thing from now?" Nice pressed.

"Yes, Nice, we're a real thing from now on, and I love you," Murasaki added at the end, wanting to watch the Facultas runaway's reaction.

"I- I lo- I-" Nice stuttered, and Murasaki thought it was unbearably cute (it wouldn't be the first time).

"It's okay," Murasaki said, bumping their foreheads together, "I'll wait for you, Nice."

Until eternity itself came to rip them apart, and still he would not leave, no. He would not leave until it was required of him by Nice himself. He would stay until death and beyond, always together with Nice.

Always.

* * *

><p>AN: Choppy ending, but fuck me.**

End
file.